

O YES, O YES, I DO CRY:

THE BISHOPS BRIDLES WILL YOU BUY.

Since Bishops first began to ride
in *state*, so neare the Crown,
They have been aye puffed up with *pride*,
and rode with great *renown*;
But G O D hath pull'd these Prelats down,
in *sight* of *Spain* and *Pope*;
So shall their next *Eclipse* be soon
in *England* seen I hope.

They thought their Saddles had been sure,
when they began to *sit*,
They did not *care* for Church, nor *Cure*,
their *Grandure* was so great:
Their *Curpals* was so *close*ly knit,
they would not take a *tie*;
Their *Bridle* bare so strong a *bit*,
great *marvaile* 't was to see.

The *Snaffles* serv'd them, I have seen,
they rode not farre abroad:
First from a *Doctor* to a *Deane*,
they bare the *Bishops* rod.
They *car'd* not for *contempt* of G O D,
nor Church, nor Common-weale,
That all this Land was overlode,
while *fortune* turn'd their *wheele*.

Their *Snaffles* shortly they forsook,
for *weaknesse* to *command*,
And then a *Thrawner-bit* they took,
for to o'rthrow the Land:
They never *spar'd* us *spurre* nor *wand*,
which *long* we did indure;
They held not right the *Bridle-hand*,
their *Saddles* were not *sure*.

And then a *Chaunter-bit* they choos'd,
as *Chauncellour* of *estate*,
That none before, but one had us'd,
which *broke* on *Striveling* gate:
They did for *dignitie* debate,
for none durst them *controule*,
They would be *Temporall* lords of *late*,
which they may now *condole*.

Then for a *French-bit* long'd they fast,
which *curb'd* proud *Curfour* kinde,
Which they from *Lambeth* got at last,
it was the *Popes* *propine*;
And *mounted* them so to their *mind*,
in all their *riding* geare:
But then began they to *decline*,
and *buil't* up *Babel* here.

But now that *Bit* their best *delight*,
is *broken* with the rest:
And so their *Horse* have cast them quite,
which cannot be redrest.
The *Gallowes-bit* would bide them best,
if *Reines* they be not rotten;
The *Saints* of G O D whom they *supprest*,
this *glorious* day have gotten.

Since they their horse and harnesse Sold,
come buy their *Bridles* here,
That afterwards it may be told,
who bought their *Riding-geere*.
For this hath been a fatal yeare,
for *Prelates* in this part,
Then let these *Romish* *Regues* retire,
and seek some other *art*.

Let *NOVA SCOTIA* keep them now,
they'r fittest for that *place*,
For G O D and Man, could not allow
to *spare* them longer *space*.
Their *dignities* brought them *disgrace*,
with damnable *disdain*;
Since *Scotland* rooted out that *race*,
let them not grow againe:

But now *brave* *England* be thou bent,
to *bannish* all that *brood*.
And make your *Lambeth* Lad *repent*,
that never yet did good;
But shamefully hath bought the *blood*
of *sakelesse* *Saints* of G O D,
Releve your *Lincolne*, better lov'd,
and let him *safe* abroad.

And as for *Ireland*s odious name,
that hath indur'd so long,
Their *Tyrannie* shall end with *shame*,
albeit their *state* be strong;
For G O D will sure *revenge* their wrong,
their *Villany* so vile,
The *heaven* hath heard their *sorrowing* Song,
and *sighing* all this while.

So let the *Devill* goe *Bishop* them,
as he hath done before,
For never Man shall worship them
in any *Kingdome* more:
For *Scotland* that they *crost* so fore,
shall now with gladnesse sing,
And *blesse* him did our *state* restore,
that was our *Gracious* King.

THE PROPHESE OF OLD SYBILLA, WHICH SECRETLY SHE TOLD TOM MILLA.

When Scotlands hundreth and ninth unconquered King,
The sixteen hundred, thirty and ninth yeare,
Into his age of thirty nine shall Reigne,
Then shall the Papall overthrow appeare,
Which all the Arts of Europe shall admire:
For Scotland shall that blessed worke begin,
Then shall the Whore of Babel, we had here,
Be banisht quite, which Bishops did bring in.

Then thou brave England which was led so blinde,
By their perverse Episcopall Pride,
And Irelands shamelesse Superstitious fume,
Shall be suppress, who cruelly have cride;
So that that Sacred Prophetsse Sybilla,
Shall shortly come to passe she tells TOM MILLA;
And TOM tells me, and I must tell't againe,
Through Scotland, England, Ir. land, Fance and Spain.